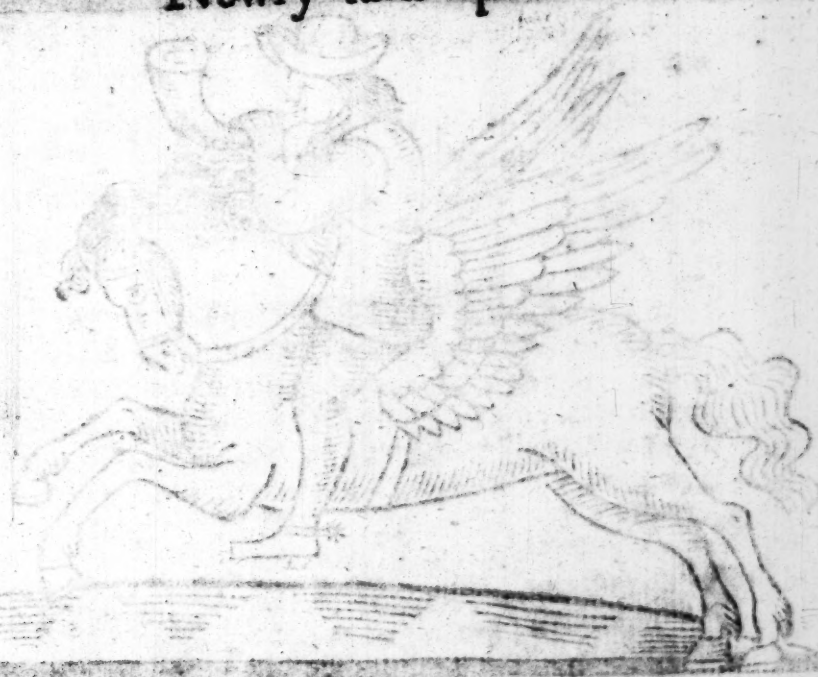




NEW
CONCEITED LETTERS,
 Newly laid open





CONCEITED LETTERS,

Newly laid open.

OR,

A MOST EXCELLENT

Bundle of New Wit :

VVherein is knit up together all the Perfections , or Art of Epistoling, by which the most ignorant may with much modesty talk and argue with the best learned.

With the Addition of divers Letters of good consequence, never before Printed.

A VVork varying from the nature of former Presidents.



L O N D O N,

Printed for *John Stafford*, and are to be sold at his
House in *George-Yard* , near *Fleet-Bridge*,

1 6 6 2.

NEW
CONCITED LETTERS

Newly laid open.

OR

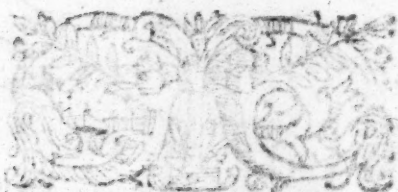
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L O N D O N,
Printed for John Sturges, and are to be sold at his
House in George-Yard, near Fleet-Bridge,
1762.

To be Judicious Reader.

Three things (Judicial Reader) make Books, and the publication of Books above good, excellent; to wit, Necessity, Utility, and implicity; and where any one of these are figured, no doubt but the Image is most comely, then how much more where all are contained, not Hellens thirty perfections can challenge more admiration: and though it may savour of ostentation, to say, this Pamphlet hath all, yet it shal not be against truth to approve the Subject, more than a Master; yea, even the Sovereign of all: for if writings be the very souls, and eternal substances of time, what writings are so excellent, as those which pass from man to man, Religion, Advice, Familiarity, Courtship, and all necessary commercements (by which even the whole state of the world is sustained) being in them (as it were) bound up to out-live all time, all computation, then what more necessary: For the profit, how shall Kings know and communicate their great actions, enlarge their

A 3

To the Reader.

their bounds, redress their peoples injuries ? How shall the Noble know intelligence to serve his Countrey, the Merchant Trade, or to his own bring the wealth of many Kingdomes, or any, or all sorts of people speak at a far distance, but by the help of Letters only ? then what to Mankind more rich and beneficial, which *Tully* better to express, made it the crown of all his Labours. Lastly, seen in these written Heralds are those imployments, and brave implications, that whatsoever is excellent or good in man, is to be in them, as in a mirror, and so to be imployed either exemplarily or judicially, according to the vertues and vices in them contained : If then these vertues shadowed in these presidents, shall give thee that benefit which thine expectation hopes, or the Authors aim made his level unto, I doubt not but thou wilt love it, read it, and imitate it so far, as to thy private benefit. Farewel.

Thine,

I. M.

New



New Conceited

LETTERS

Newly laid open.

A Letter to a Friend, to borrow Money.

If borrowing of Money be not a breach of friendship let me intreat your patience to open your purse, a present occasion puts me to the adventure of your kindness; the matter is not much, yet will at this time pleasure me as much as so much may do: the sum five pounds, the time three moneths, my credit the Assurance, and hearty thanks the Interest. Thus without troubling the Broker, or charging of the Scrivener, hoping my Letter shall be of sufficient power to prevail with your love, intreating your present Answer in the affection of an honest heart I commit you to the Almighty.

Yours, or not his own,
M. D.

His Answer.

If your Friendship were a follower of Fortune, I should have but a little life in this world: the contents of your Letter hath put me to a strict account with my estate how I may help you, and not hurt my self. I could make sufficient excuses, but that they taste of small comfort: and therefore knowing time to be precious, and to avoid delays,
let

Conceited Letters.

let this suffice you, your request I have satisfied, and the money I have sent you: and not doubting your credit, will take your word for a Bond. Now for the use without abuse, I wish but requital upon the like occasion. And so (glad that in this or any thing of my power) I may make proof of my love, I rest in the same

Yours, or not mine own,

N. R.

A Letter to a Kinsman for News.

I Would be glad to hear how you do, how the world goes with you, what news are stirring, what whifflings are in the brains of Mad-men, and what rekes Raskals keep among better men, what their opinions are that study the starres, of the man in the Moon, and whether honest men among the multitude be not taxed for their wisdom: how far a mans tongue will go beyond his teeth, & do no hurt to his lips, and whether Dalila be dead, that betrayed Sampson to the Philistines: how Pride and Patience agree together in ungracious spirits, how the Devil bestirs him about his villany in the world, and whether love be not laught at for a merry jest of wit, especially where the weaker sort want the strength of understanding; many such Notes may light in the way of thy observation, of which what thou hast in memory, I pray thee put down in a few lines, which shall not be lost in my love, and the sooner, the better; for by thy long silence, I doubt of thy welfare: how ever it be, keep it not from thy friend, who regards not fortune, but vertue, upon which my affection grounded, can never be removed: Farewell.

Thine, or not his own,

VV. T.

His Answer.

Good Cousin, you write unto me to know how I doe; in a word never worse, both weak in body and sick in mind; in brief, as near death as may be to live: if you knew my crosses, you would pity my discomforts, the variety whereof is so great, that I think there was never

Cart

Newly laid open,

Cart so loaden With Wares, as my heart is with heaviness
and woe.

Oh this Iron Age smels of nothing but Rust, whiles the
bags of mettall eats up the hearts of men: where is kind-
ness, but only among Chilozen for Aples and Puts,
Friendship (I think) is flown away for fear of abuse,
and love is among the Saints which are only in Heaven:
and if the World be at this pass, in what case are the peo-
ple, where men in Wape are Monsters in Nature, and where
Women (Since the Creation) are become strange Crea-
tures? whiles howling with sin, and weeping with Shame,
makes such a black Ghost amonst tormented souls, as if
the Devil had licence to make a Hell upon Earth: Some
are all for the Church, and nothing for God: others all for
Christ, and nothing for Charitie, and most men for them-
selves, and leave their Neighbours to the wide world.
Chilozen are weary of their Parents, before they be Pa-
rents of Chilozen, and Parents so covetous, and unkind
that Nature hath forgotten her course. To conclude, the
misery of time is such, as puts patience to the utmost triall
of her strength, and by the course of the Elements, the Al-
manack-makers know not what will become of this world:
now for my self I would I were with him that made it, but
his will be done, who can mend it at his pleasure: unto
whose heavenly tuition, untill I see you, I leave you,

Yours, or not his own,

R.B.

A Letter of Challenge.

I F I thought that you durst answer me, I would Chal-
lenge you, yet where the sick of a Fever may burn af-
ter a Waking, I know not how Shame may make a coward
more desperate then valiant: yet once my wrongs I can
put up, whilst looking on the object of my revenge, I be-
come an object of to my self, to think what mettall I am to
to temper with. But in brief, to lose no more time with you,
to morrow is my day, the hour, eight in the morning, the
place, the Padocke within the Whicket: where the deter-

Conceited Letter:

mination of business I hope will be briefer then discourse,
and so I end, endless,

Tours, as you have made me,

T. N.

His Answer.

Ide humours shewes idle brains, where lack of judgement
proves imperfection, indiscretion: To challenge a Colours
is no valour, but if your Sword were as nimble as your
Pen, I would not know how to put by the point; but I
think that your surp is but a flash, which between heat
and cold hath made a little Thunder, that will goe away
in a Cloud: to temper with Mettals is fittest for Artists,
but in the rules of Honour, scozne hath no place. But
touching your Agony, take heed of an Ague, lest shame fol-
lowes this, in putting off a quarrell with excuse: in briefe,
there shall nothing fall but your self; who, as you deserve at
my hands, shall find me from my heart,

Tours, as you mine,

R. D.

A Love-letter to a worthy Gentle-woman.

Fair Distresse, if I had no eyes, I should not like you, and
if no wit, I should not love you; for the brightness of
your Beantie is for no blind sight to gaze upon, nor the
worthiness of your Vertue for no weak brains to beat
upon. If you say I flatter you, look into your self, and do
me no wrong, and if I do you right, chide not affection for
a discoverie, where truth is honorable; pardon my pre-
sumption if it exceed your pleasure, and commend his ser-
vice, who will make an honour of your favour. So intreat-
ing your patience for answer to my poor Letter, untill I
hear from you, and alwaies I rest,

Tours devoted, to be commanded,

N. R.

Her Answer.

SIR, if your wits goes with your eyes, your brains
may be on the outside of your head: and then if you de-
ceive your self, I hope I shall not be blamed: Colours are
but

Newly laid open,

but shadowes, and may be full of illusions, and the worth-
ness of Vertue may be a reach above the worlds reason, yet
the discovery of Affection may be more in words then
matter, especially where discretion sounds the depth of de-
sert, though the honour of truth be worth regard. Where
there is no fault, there needs no pardon, and therefore with-
out trouble of Patience, finding no cause of displeasure, I
thus conclude: Love hath a priviledge to be at the command
of kindness, in which I rest, to wish you much happiness,

Your well-willing Friend,
E. S.

A Conceited Letter of Newes.

GOOD Uncle, I know you look for News from this plot
of our earthly Paradise, which when you left, it was a
place of great pleasure: but since your departure, some with-
ed Blasts have withered some of our principal Plants, but
God be thanked, we have at this time so good a Gardener that
so plucks up the weeds by the roots, that (I hope) this Spring
we shall have a flourishing piece of ground.

Hobgoblin and the Fairies have brought the beleebers to
the Gallonies, where (had not mercy given grace) they had
been almost at, O man in desperation, but it is an ill wind
that blows no man to good, for Halter-men and Ballet-
makers were not better set a work this many a day. Our
Sun shines his beams in a great brightness, whilst the
man in the Moon is fallen quite through the Clouds: wild
Birds put into Cages, become tame in little time, but our
Jack-Dawes will be chattering while they have a tongue
in their heads.

Our Turtle Doves are the prettiest fooles in the world,
but when a Cuckoe counterfeits the Nightingale, there is
an ill close in the Puske: Our Peacock was so proud,
that he could not leave spreading his tale, but since
moulting time he hath lost many of his Feathers. Our
Post-horses have galled their Riders, and our Hens are
kept but onely for their milk in Summer for men

Conceited Letters:

and Women, the best (God be thanked) are well, and so the worst, God will take order for their amendment, and so with my most hearty commendation, I rest,

Your ever loving Nephew,

I. M.

The Vncles Answer.

MY kind Nephew, I thank thee heartily for thy merry Letter, in which I like well of thy judgement, in writing of News to meddle with no matters of State: for he that looks too high may have a sudden downfall, an old countrey Proverbe may prove a good part of speech.

I remember I have heard my Grand-father tell of one that was taught him in his travel; let the Horse neigh, know thou thy course, and go thy way: and so much for this. Now for your earthly Paradise, I thought it, when I came from it, a goodly piece of ground, and 'twas pittie that any blast should perishe the least Plant in it: but as it is, I am very glad to hear so well of it, God bless the owner of it, and the Gardener that so well heedeth it.

Now for the Birds, he that knoweth not a Cuckow from a Pitchingale, is like unto a Lark-catcher, that having caught an Owl, took her for a fine Hawk, till looking in her face, & fearing she had been a sprite, he let her slide to the Devil. As for peacocks, they will be proud, till they look on their legs; and Jackdaws will prate, it is their nature: and therefore be not angry with a Milkwench, if she make not a courtesse like Mistresse Constable, for there may be difference in their breeding, and so forth.

Now for our Countrey newes, I will tell you what is come to my hands, our Colts are so lusty, that we cannot keep a filly in quiet for them, and our Cows are so fat that they wallow as they go: our Sows are so forward that we shall have a world of fat Pigs, and our Cows so suckle our Lambs, that they leade almost no flesh on their backs: our Milhorse hath broken his halter, and laid his load at the Mill doore, and our Town-Hall is so fat, that he shall be baited for the Butcher: our Town is so full of Marriages, that

Newly laid open.

that there is scarce Cake enough for Wine-ales.

Tom Piper and the blind Harper are hired for these Holy-
dayes with my young Land-lob, who hath sworn by his fa-
thers soul, that he will buy up none of his Silver: other such
homely stuff there is store about us, but because you have bet-
ter Wares nearer hand, I care not much if I trouble you no
longer with such trifles, I pray you let me hear from you of
such occurrents as come in your way. In the the mean time
I alwaies I rest,

Thy most loving Vncle.

F. I.

A Conceited Love-letter.

Sweet Creature, to tell you I love you, were a phrase of
too plain a fashion: and yet when truth is indeed the best
eloquence, affection needs no invention to express the care of
her content, which being Y: O: V: nothing doubting your
spelling, I hope you will so kindly put together, that a con-
junction of Love shall have no separation during life. And
thus beseeching you to learn this Lesson by heart, without a
cross in conceit, to hinder the course of Loves comfort: till I
hear from you in that nature that may make me a happy
Creature, I rest,

Yours wholly and onely, if you will,

M. D.

Her Answer.

Kind Sir, to tell you I love you, were to cross an an-
swer with a comfortable request: and yet when dissi-
mulation is the worst fruit of invention, discretion may be
pardoned in concealing of Love. Touching your Letters,
they are sooner than understood, while Imaginative hopes
may be deceived in their happiness; and yet to avoid
all touch of Ingratitude, in that nature of kindness that
may give honour content, as a simple Scholler in the art
of Love, loath to have that by heart that may trouble more
then

Conceited Letters:

then my head, when separation of Coniunctions may endanger the death of comfort, wishing nothing, nothing amisse to them that mean all well, I rest,

Yours, as I may be mine own,

E. T.

A Letter from a Lady to a Gentleman, whom she called her Servant, for the preferring of a Gentlewoman unto her.

Servant, I have often spoken to you for that you must needs do for me: I am going to the Court, and shall have great use of a Gentlewoman to attend me. I know you have many kinsmen and acquaintance, among whom you may finde one to fit me, I will take her at your hand, and regard her for your sake; and if her deserts answers my desires, she shall lose nolohe in my favour, and therefore, leaving this trusty charge to the care of your discreet kindness, as you will expect a greater courtesie at my hands, I rest,

Your loving Mistresse,

F. T.

His Answer.

Good Maddam, you spake unto me to help you to a Gentlewoman, which with my Letter I have here sent you, a Woman, and gentle, who I hope will not be altogether unworthy of your entertainment: for her person, she is not deformed, nor her face of the worst feature, she is neither bleared, nor tongue-tied; and for her qualities, I hope she can do more then make courtesie and blush: her Parentage is not bare, nor her breeding sole, and her disposition, I hope will be nothing displeasing: to praise her in any perfection, I dare not, but in all will leave her to tryal of your patience. So wishing my dutifull service in this, or what else may lye in my power, so fortunate as to deserve your favour; and this Gentlewoman so gracious, as to gain the continuance of your good opinion, in prayer for your health, and hearts most wished happiness, I take my leave at this time, but rest at all times.

Your Ladships most humble Servant.

R. G.

A Letter

Newly laid open.

A Letter from kind of *Diogenes*
to a Courtier.

Sir, I hear by some of my acquaintanc, that you go on apace with the World: I pray God you go as fast towards heaven: but by the way let me tell you what I think fittest, for you now and then to have minde of, lest you forget the main, while the by-way deceives you: for what is Honour without Vertue? King David tells you, it is but a blasse, meaning a proud man: and what is wealth without wisdom, but covetousness? and that is the root of all evil: and what is life without Grace, the very high-way to Hell?

Let therefore Vertue be your Honour, Wisdome your Wealth, and Grace your Life: so that God bless you, the Devil can never hurt you. Let not a little wealth beget a great deal of of pride in you, lest a great deal of pride beget you but little wit. Know whence you are, who you are, and where you are: you are from the slime of the earth, but a creature on earth. Be merry with measure, but be not mad in any case, for patience is the guide of experience, where haste makes more waste then good worke. To conclude, be loyal to Sovereignty, faithfull in friendship, constant in love, and honest in all, Farewell,

Thine as thou knowest.

B. B.

A Letter of zealous Love, written from a
Gentleman to his Brother.

Brother, since I last heard from you, I am sorry to hear that I do of you, that you are wound so far into the World, as if that you never meant to get out of it: you know I have travelled far, seen much, and have some understanding, by all the observation of Time, in the courses of Nature: I finde Solomons truth in the fall of the World, that there is little of it, but is little worth in it, (when all being but Vanitie) there is little vertue to be found in it: Beleeve me Brother, we are nêr in one Nature, but differ in another: in the Flesh, but not in the Spirit:

For

Conceited Letters?

For whilst I contemplate the substance of the souls comfort, thou art passed in the World among the puddles of the Earth: yea, I fear the nature of thy affect to be as far from the rule of Religion, as the most senseless creature is from the use of Reason.

O brother, I know that thou hast wronged many, and thy self most; I would thou wert a Zacheus to right all: but better betimes then too late, look home to the main chance, have a care of thy soul, and thy body will be the better: believe it, there is no rust eateth so fast into any mettall, as the venom of Avarice into the heart of a wicked man: Prodigality is the way to penurie, but Covetousness is the root of all evil, betwixt both there is a mean, that to hit on, is a kinde of happiness: and if thou hast no ears but of Mydas, that can hear of nothing but Gold, take a heart of Simeon, to joy in nothing but Christ Jesus. Turn a new leaf, serve God for whom thou wert created, and let not the earth triumph over thee, for whom it was made to tread upon, lift up thine eyes towards heaven, where one joy of the Elect is worth all the Kingdoms of the world: leave the World ere it leave thee: and love him ever, that will never leave thee: let thy life be a Pilgrimage, and the earth but a passage, and the Heaven only the home of thy soules eternal happiness, once a day read these few lines for my sake: which, if they do that good to thee, which I heartily pray for in thee, till when and ever my hearts love,

Thy loving Brother,
N. P.

His Answer.

My good Brother, I thank you for your careful and kind Letter, yet let me tell you, that zeal without discretion, proves not the best part of Religion: Reports may be told, and then belief may be erronious, when mistakings by misconstruings may breed abuse of good uses: I know that Riches, are Witches, to them that make their heaven of this world, but he that hath a leaden toll, will never worship a golden Calf: But since I know Abra-
ham

Newly laid open.

ham and Lazarus were alike in election, giue me leaue, while I am in this world, by Christ rather then Abartie, rather to be a Husbandman, then to be a Labourer for hire : if I haue wronged any, it is unwillingly, whom if I know, I will satisfie most willingly ; and for the wound of Conscience, I will hope to be so far from hypocrisie, that I shall be free from that feare : and therefore, though trauell hath taught you much experience in the world, you make the lesse account of the world, yet when carefull thirst breedeth no covetous thraldome, be not jealous of my love, with all the pleasures of the world, to make comparison with the least of heabens comfort. I know the highest mountaine is but earth, and the lowest dalley is no other ; and therefore when I carry my foot-stole on my head, let me walke like a stole or monster. In brieft, I know the world, and how to use it, and keepe account with my care, how I may most contentedly leaue it, but for my love to him that made it, let me liue no longer in it then I love and honour him above it, and so intreating you to blow off ill breaths that may abuse my disposition, and to be perswaded so far of my sound health, that my joy is ever and onely in Christ Jesus, to his preservation, leaving the happie issue of your hopes in the nature of the best love till I see you, and alwaies I rest,

Your most loving Brother,

T. W.

A Letter of Love to an honourable Lady.

Honourable Madam, if Love were not above reason, it would not be so high in regard : who dwelling onely in the spirits of the best understanding, feeds the heart onely with the fruits of an infallible resolution : What it is in it owne nature, hath been diuersly described but I thinke neuer knowne, but unto them that inwardly know it. Some hold it a Riddle, that none can interpret, but he that made it ; and others a Miracle, that amazes all that beleue it : but if it be as I haue read of it, a Child, and Beauty begot it. I hope Nature will be her selfe, and not

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Conceited Letters

unkind unto her owne bꝛeð : How to pꝛobe truth, the honour in your eyes, that haue wꝛought my heart to your service, shall make knowne to your fauour in the happines of your employment. So craving pardon for my presumption, in my deuoted duty, to the honour of your command, I humbly take my leaue.

Your Ladiships in all humbleness,
R. B.

Her Answer.

Worthy Knight, if Love be aboue Reason, it must be either Diuine or Deuillish, and so regarded accordingly : what it is, I thinke is best knowne by the effect of it, howsoeuer idle bzaines haue beaten about the description of it. Riddles are but tests of wit, and Miracles are ceased for being seene in our Age. But if it be a Child (though of a strange Parentage) surely Nature will not suffer the Mother to be cruell to her owne bꝛeð ; but if it fall out to be an ungracious Father, what then will be thought of the Children ? Yet lest in misconstruing a conceit, I may mistake a content, since in the secret of Nature may be a sence of strange understanding, I will suspend my iudgement, till I haue made pꝛaue of my opinion : when eyes and hearts meet together in discourse, I hope the businesse will be sone ended, that is referred to indifferent Iudgement. So till occasion be offered of the performance of imployment, hoping that Vertue and Honour will sone agree upon sure grounds, till I see you, I rest,

Your loving Friend,
M. W.

A Letter from a Knight to a Noble-man, for the
entertaining of a Secretary.

Noble LORD, I heare that your Secretary hath lately taken his leaue of this world, in whose place (if you be not provided) let my love pꝛeuaile with your honour for the entertainment of this bearer, a Gentleman, and a kinsman of mine, in whose commendations I dare thus

Newly laid open.

this farre use my credit, his heart shall be as fair as his hand upon any occasion of your imployment : and for his wit, it is both in Caput and Copey-hold, for he hath read much, and obserued more then a little, his descent hath been from the loynes of an honourable Line ; and for his disposition every way, I hope you shall find it no way displeasing. Not to trouble you with long circumstance, leaving happinesse to your acceptance, with my service to your command, in all humble love I take my leaue for this time, but rest during life.

Your Honours devoted, to be
commanded. T. P.

The Lords Answer.

My kind Knight, I have receiued your Letter, fulfilled your request and entertained your Kinsman, of whom I am already so well perswaded, besides the assurance of your knowledge, that I think a little matter shall not make square in our lobes. I find what you write of him, and shall haue much imployment for him : I thank you for him, and if he continue his carriage, which I doubt not, he will be of better fortune then my labour ; and yet somewhat the more for your sake, I will take such a care of him, that ere many moneths passe, you shall find my love in him ; so till I see you at my House, where you shall make your owne welcome, I rest

Your most assured Friend,

E. S.

A Letter from a Gentleman of the Countrey unto a Iustice of the Peace, a speciall friend in the City. to intreat his worthy friend severely to punish all Whores that live within the Limits of his Iurisdiction, by whom his Son had (being lately in Towne) bin dispoiled and abused.

Worthy and welbeloued Friend, I am at this instant (relying upon your euer-manifested love) constrained not onely to reueale that unto you which

Conceited Letters

knowne (but to your selfe) may much condict me of carelesnes, but also herein to imploze your love, in rectifying, in as much as in you lye, the capitall and disgracefull abuses, which thereby I and mine have sustained. It is not unknowne unto you, that I have a Son, to whom till now I eber accounted my selfe happy and fortunate; but (oh misery to all Fathers) I eber crediting his adulatory protestations, gave the reynes of his government over now to his owne hands, which he perceiuing (utterly neglecting all good courses) hath carelesly cast himselfe into irrecoverable extremities, wherein (unlesse speedy course by your meanes be taken for the contrary) he is like to persevere. He (my wicked Son) of late often discontinuing from my house, having suborningly raised meanes in his hands, and unknowne to me, consumed much of my estate, hath been often seene conuersant with wicked liuing Curtizans, who liue within the limits of your Cominand, who cunningly have depriued him of what he craftily couzensed me, inso much, that thereby my state is much weakned, yet cannot I truly particularize any with whom hee is conuersant; yet for certaine he hath been, and (I doubt me) yet is too often frequent amongst them. To the end therefore, that his haunt may be left, and both they and he conuicted to reformation, let me intreat you to root out all such lewd liuing huswives out of your Liberty, which you neuer shall doe, unlesse you severely punish them according to the Statute in that case provided, which will either absolutely extirpe them, or cause reformation in them, which if you (as by your authority are bound) doe, I will on the other side, be more provident and carefull of my riotous Sonnes behaviour, so that by our cares, all that is amisse may speedily be amended, which labour if I may craue at your hands, I shall (as alwayes I have done) ever rest,

Your loving friend to command,

W. P.

His

Newly laid open.

His Answer.

KInd friend, I have perused your Letter, the contents whereof, to give you content for your discontent, have been so availeable and forcible with me, that not only heres in, but in whatsoever I may assure you, I will be ready to doe you any kind of friendship. I am sorry to heare that your Son is so carelesly carried in his course of life, which yet no doubt, by your fatherly care may be amended, where in if you (as I doubt not but you will) be Fatherly provident, you shall see how truly without partiality, I will (as it becomes me) execute my authorizty in chastising and expelling that unreclaimed crew out of my Liberties, assuring you further, that if I hereafter heare that your Son doth sojourn in such places within my authorizty, I my selfe will reprove him, and either by intreaty, or otherwise reclaime him if it be possible; whereof wishing you to be most assured, I rest

Your ever faithfull Friend,

E. W.

A Letter of a simple man to a Scholler that was determined to play the wagge with him.

Worshipfull Sir, I understand by my honest friend and Schoole-fellow in our Parish Church, that your Worship hath a great knowledge in casting of Probabilities, and telling mens fortunes, to tell you truly what yeares I am, my Grandam sayes I was at lawfull age to enter upon my Fathers Farme at Lent last, and then your Worship may guesse much about the time, the day and the houre I doe not well remember. But to the purpose, I h'are say, that in your Study amongst the Starres, you have gone by all the Planets, and ten to one if your Worship will goe over them, but you shall find me in one of them, and if you aske of them that dwell in those houses, some of them may tell you that of me, that all the world is not acquainted with. I pray you Sir, let me intreat you to

take

Conceited Letters

take a little paines for me ; and chiefly, what good hap or ill is like to betide me, as well among Men as Women, and when I come for my note, I will better consider your paines, in the meane time I have sent you a piece of Gold that saw not light this many a day : so till I heare from you, which I pray you let it be as soone as you can, I commit your Worship to God. From my house at Columbery, this second day of July, 1661.

Your Worships to command,
Jenkin Hoguiskine.

His Answer.

My good Friend, I received your Letter, and your kind Token, and though I love not to show my skill in these secrets, yet for your Schoole-fellows sake I have taken a little paines for you : I will tell you what I have found among them all : if you were born upon the Sunday, Sol is a hot Planet, and you will be much subject to Sun-burning, especially, if you goe to Plough bare-headed : if upon the Monday, the Moone is full of water, and if you fill your braines too full of drinke, you may grow Lunaticke, and so be in danger of Bedlem : If upon Tuesday, Mars is a bloody fellow, and if you goe to fisticuffs, you will hardly be without a bloody nose : If upon a Wednesday, you must weare a Night-cap, and be ever at your booke, especially (if you can write and reade) and be in any office in your Parish : If upon the Thursday, you will be as proud as a Begger, especially (if you weare your best clothes) on a working day : If upon a Friday beware of Wenches, lest they make thee a poore man, especially (about Cuckow-time :) and if upon Saturday, oh, you will be so froward that (if you marry) your wife will never indure the house with you, especially, (if she be of the breed of a Scholler) and therefore not yet having heard any newes in any of the Houses of you, untill I heare from you againe, I can say no more to you, and so I rest,

Your assured Friend,

T. W.

Newly laid open.

A Letter to a Friend on the other side of the Sea.

Distance of place must make no difference of minds, Love and Life amongst hearts make an end together, I have long longed to heare from you, and if I had known whither, I had ere this written unto you : but now having met with him that meaneth shortly to see you, I have thought good to let you know, that I yet live to love you, and forget not to pray for you, that all happinesse may befall you : Glad I would bee to see you, and in the meane time to heare from you, how the world goeth there about you, whether all birds be of one feather, and how they flie together ; what blazing Starres have been lately seen, and what your Astronomers thinke will follow of their appearance, whether your Wine be watered before it come over, and how Youth and Age agree upon the conjunction Copulative : how the great Fish and the little agree together in your Seas, and how your Rabbits escape the Lute abroad, and the Pole-Cat in their Burrows : how the Foxes and Wolves prey upon your Geese and Lambs, and what sport your Swallows make with the Flies in the aire. I wish you not to write of any wonders, because they are incredulous, nor of matters of State ; for they may be perhaps ill taken : but onely how honest men thrive, and knaves have their rewards : how wise men are honoured, and Foles laught at, and how the weaker sort hold their strength with the stronger, when Wenches eyes pull out mens hearts out of their Bellies, their wits out of their braines, and their money out of their purses, and such matters of no moment ; then must needs, if you will take a little paines to set downe in a little Paper, I shall be glad to looke upon them, and in my love to requite them, for one World to heare it, were a World to thinke of it : But the Messengers hast not giving me time to write of it untill the next Post, I will say this of it G D D blasse the best, and mend the worst, and grant all honest hearts good lives in it, and a joyfull departure when they

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they are to leaue it : to which prayer, hoping you will
say Amen, till we meet, and alwaies I rest

Thine, or not his owne,
W. T.

His Answer.

My long acquaintance, and worthy beloved friend, I
have lately received your Letters, wherein I find
your desire to heare of the passages in the world on this side
the salt water. Now to satisfie in as much as I can, let
me tell you, that I find some difference in the natures of
Nations ; but touching their divisions, I thinke they are
much alike through the whole world : For the one side I
find the powerfull, imperious ; the ambitious, enbious ; the
Covetous never satisfied ; the licentious, idle ; and the fo-
lish, unprofitable : On the other side, Majesty gracious,
Honour vertuous, Wealth charitable, Christ wealthy,
Witt painfull, and Religion layall, and Labour commodi-
ous. Now looking into the danger of Greatness, the charge
of Honour, the care of Wealth, the misery of Want, the
folly of Wantonness, and the beggery of Idleness : I have
chosen the Peane for my part of Musicke, where I shall
neither straine my voyce, nor stretch my strings, but with
litle charge keepe my Instrument in tune : The passages
are here as in other places, where January and May meet
in conjunction, there are strange kind of Countenances
that shew not the best content.

And when winds are highest in Summer, the fruit shall
fall ere they be ripe ; many idle exercises are more costly
then comfortable, much talke and little truth, and gay out-
sides have poore insides ; Oathes and lyes are common as
Highwayes, and painted Images make soles Idols, ho-
nest men thought more silly then the wise among the Wi-
zards of the world, and the Devil among the Brokers daily
hunted with beggers, murmuring of war among y^e unquiet
Spirits, and Peace guarded for feare of a close stratagem.
In summe, such varietie of businesse, that every mans brain
is full of humours ; and for Women, they are of such force
that

Newly laid open.

that they put men to great patience : for my selfe, I see the world at that passe,, that I think him happy that is well out of it : In summe. G O D blesse the best, while the world mends, and send us his grace, and health, with a happy meeting : so till I hear from you, which I wish often with my hearts lobe, that shall neber end but with life, and my hearty commendations, I commit you to the Almighty.

Yours, as mine own,

R. G.

A Letter from a Friend in the City, to a
Scholar in the University.

Honest Ned, since I left the blessed place to wherein thou dwellest, I am come into a world that doth amaze me with imaginations, how Nature could so juggle with the world, as to make men become shadows, and women pictures : but nere the end of dayes I see the Devill labours hard about his hardest, else could madnesse neber so overrule, as to turn Wisdom out of doors. The disloyalty of Subjects to most gracious Princes, unthankfulness of servants to most bountifull masters, unthankfull hearts to best deserving spirits, disobedient Children to most careful Parents ; yea, most ungracious Creatures to the most gracious Creator, makes me feare a new dealing upon the earth, to cleanse the world from iniquity, the Devill is feared in his colours, but followed in his conditions; and heaven more spoken of then look't after ; charitable mouths have other meaning in their hearts, and oaths are so common that they are little in account ; the cup of sin is too full to the brimme, and daily carrowed to the health of the diabolicall Devill : Reason is bewitched to the world, that A. T. so much in the world makes him a wooll Scholler, that heapes that lesson in his heart : Jack a Lent scarce a Gentleman will ride a Cock-horse like a rascall, and Joan Fiddle in a French hood will be a Lady before her Mistres.

D

Prison

Conceited Letters:

Prison is become a practise of polity to deceive the witt
with a plot of villanie: The breath of some man is deadly,
especially upon a capitall offence: when Justice impartiall
treads the Land of the unnaturall: The prumer of the
thye Trees hath gotten much by untobolsome Fruite, who
when he hath pared the outside, puts the rest in an earthen
pie. Beliebe me Ned, I shall not be at rest till I be with
thee, where I may walke to the Well that yields the Spi-
rit sweet Water. Shortly I hope to see thee, in the mean
time let me hear from thee, that upon the least of thy wish-
es I may the sooner be with thee. Farewell.

Thine if his own,
F. W.

His Answer.

K And Frank, in perusing thy Letter, I finde no little
touch of passion, and that thy brain is not a little di-
stempred with the cares of this world, which though they
touch not thy person, yet being a Christian, thou canst not
but hate a Iew: for my own part, I have read of many
idle passages in times past, but I am most heartily sorry to
heare of the sinfull occurrences of this age: I have read in
the Discourse of Sin, that Envie is a pestilent humour in
a pestiferous spirit, and that Pride is the fore-horse of fol-
lies, that drags the Devils Car into Hell: I have read
likewise, that Queene Helens lust was the spoile of Troy,
and that her name will never be blotted out of the black
book of Infamy: I have read of many things, of which
I have taken some notice: as of the Cuckow killing the
Sparrow that hatcheth her, and the Turkie Cock beating
his hen when he hath trod her, but a Dog to be too saffose
with a Lyon, he upon it, there is almost no beast can abide
it. I read likewise, that upon a time, that sin was grown
to such a height, that the Debill laid about him like a great
Lord, but God be thanked, there was an Angell that had
autho-

Newly laid open.

authoritie ober him, seeing his reaks quickly weakned his
force, fitched him into his pzeinc, & kept him so fast lockt
in his chain, that he could not passe beyond his limits, but
what is all this too the no moze but a requitall of thy kind-
nesse, as thou writest what thou hast sen, so I, what I habe
read, when set the Hare against the Goose giblets, & there
would be a strange dish of didlums: well, when thou art
weary there, come hither, and as we may, we will be mer-
ry together: Farewell.

Thine, or not his selfe.

L. G.

A Letter to a Scholar, that tooke upon him the Interpretation of Dreams.

Sir, I heare by a kinsman of mine, among other your
deepe judgements in many other learned points of Art,
of your most excellent iudgment in the interpretation of
Dreames, and being perswaded much of your kindnesse, by
such as habe conuersted much in your company, I am bold
to intreat your opinion upon some apparitions that lately
troubled me in my sleepe; and though I will not be frighted
with furies, nor wil trust unto flatteries, yet if I may habe
some notice of the issue of these night-troubles, I shall take
it for a kindnesse, that I would not burie in oblivion. First
me thought I saw Phaeton in the skie, sitting in Sol's glo-
rious Car, & many fiery dzibers about him, but on a sudden
giving his Horses the Wzidle, for want of holding, they
runne with such a speede, that the Carre was oerthrowen:
Phaeton fell down, and all his dzibers with him, with the
sodain noise whereof I awoke. When I fell asleepe again,
I saw, me thought, certain great Starres mounting
above the Sun, but coming neare his heat, they were sud-
denly dissolbed, hung a while in the aire, and at last fell in-
to the bottome of the earth, with the fall whereof I awoke.
Now toward morning, taking a little nap, me thought I

Conceded Letters:

into a kinde of a Fury, or the Devill let out of Hell with charms or poisons to do much hurt in the world, but a gracious power came from Heaven, for the good of the world, and with the breath of his mouth made her so dainty away that I never heard more what became of her. These were the three dreams that troubled me in my sleepe, the interpretation whereof, leaueing to the description of your kind patience, I rest,

Your loving friend,
R. G.

His Answer.

Sir, though my profession be not to interpret night troubles: yet at the request of your friend I am content to tell you mine opinion of your strange apparitions. Touching your first Dreame, it should seeme you are somewhat Poeticall, and habing the day before read of the fiction, were troubled in the night with a Fable: for your mounting Stars, I guesse you were the evening before at the Star or the Moone, or some such Elementall signe, studying some Tabern Astronomy, that your Braine being in the altitude of Canary, taking the Candles for Stars, seeing one of them by mischance fall with his Candle-stick down to the ground, being a little troubled with it to Bed-board, brought out this strange vision in your sleepe. For the third, if you come to Furies, the Devils, or such kinde of Spirits, I have nothing to say to them, nor wil trouble my thoughts with them. And therefore, leaueing such as lobe Hell to deal with such Pagges, beseeching G O D to blesse thee and me, and all honest hearts from all such horrible Creatures, I rest,

Your loving friend,

T. L.

A Letter

Newly laid open,

A Letter from an Apprentise to his Father, to send him some money to succour himselfe withall, he being hardly used by a cruell Master and Mistris.

Kinde and loving Father, my humble duty premised, with hope of your good health, with my Mother and the rest of our good friends, &c. The extremity which I have long endured at the hands of my unconscionable Master and Mistris, constraineth me (seeing no likelihood of redresse) to rebeal, and manifest that unto you, which long I have concealed; which as it is uncooth unto me, in regard of your Paternall care of me, whilist I lived with you: So I doubt not (your Fatherly love continued unto me) but it will be displeasing unto you. I am placed by your good friend A. W. in a service, where til I was bound Apprentice, I had good usage, but since I was bound, I have seldome had good day; nay, after that you sent them the money which Master A. W. did promise with me, they began to exasperate hard usage unto me, to debar from me not only liberty, but viuals, finding many times faults without occasion, wrongfully beating and buffeting me without offence, which I neither can, nor do I thinke you will wish me to endure. I am almost pin'd with want, which how to redresse I know not, unlesse you vouchsafe to supply my present wants: to leaue my Trade I am loath, to call my Master in question I am more loath; where to have redresse I know not in this my extremity, unlesse you take some course for me, and send me wherewith to succour my selfe betwixen times, until it shall please G O D to turn their hard hearts. Thus having briefly acquainted you with my present estate, hoping of your Fatherly love unto me, humbly craving yours, and my Mothers daily blessing, leaving you to the tuition of the Almighty, expecting speedily to hear from you, I rest,

Your obedient Sonne.

T. W.

His

Conceited Letters:

His Answer.

Sonne, I have receibed your Letter, wherein I am given to understand, that my friend, A. W. hath not so friendly discharged that friendly trust, which I reposed in him, as I expected. Notwithstanding, I will in what I may, seek redress for thy wrongs: in the mean time deliver this twenty shillings to your Master as a token from me, haply, his hard usage of you, is to draw something out of me: which if I see I cannot by my gifts (which I will send to him) have mended, I will come up my self and take some course to remove you from him. In the mean time, I send you ten shillings to supply your necessary wants, which I wish you sparingly (as you have occasion) to bestow, and not idly or wastefully; and let me heare from you alwayes by this Carrier, Serbe G D D, endeavour to please your Master and Mistris, and whilst I live, Boy, they shall know thou hast a Father: So in haste I rest,
Your loving Father,
W. T.

A Letter of a Patient to his Physician.

Master Doctor, your Patient commends him to your patience, to beare a little kinde chiding for your too long absence: my disease holds his owne, and my pain nothing diminished, and if you come not the sooner, your Physick will be past working: for my Stomack is weake, and my heart groweth faint, and yet I fade, though my digestion be not the best; loath I am to languish, if I may have hope of comfort but your absence makes me doubt of my recovery. I pray you therefore haste you unto me, and let me be assured of your coming, lest you come too late; you know my disease, and are acquainted with my body, for my cure I leave it to God and your conscience, and so intreating

Newly laid open,

ing your present answer of your speedy presence, I commit
you to the Almighty.

Your sick loving Patient,
N. G.

His Answer.

My good Patient, I fear your impatience hath by some
passion encreased your paine; I know the force of
your disease cannot be weakned, in you be not moze afraid
then hurt, you will not die of this Maladie: if my busines
were not great, I would see you; or if your need were great
I would not be from you: but knowing ebery Cramp is
not a Conbultion, noz ebery stich at the heart, I would on-
ly wish you to put off Melancholly, to take heed of cold, to
have minde rather of heaben then earth: Eat good meat,
but not too much: Drinke good Wine, but measurably: be
in charity with all the world, but not too far with any, espe-
cially with the feminine gender: use motion for naturall
Physick, and let a merry heart be your best Physittian, for
conceit is hurtfull, if it be not contentibe, and it is past the
reach of my reason to cure a corrupted minde: shortly, and
God willing, I will see you, in the mean time imagine I
am with you, for indeed I will not be long from you: and
this let me tell you, that to put you out of fear, I have no
fear of you, but that you will be past Physick ere my hope
fail of your Cure, and that will not be in haste: and so hope-
ing that you are not so weake in spirit, but that you can en-
dure a little pain with patience, in hope of assured health,
till I see you, and alwayes, I rest.

Your Physician, and loving friend,

W. K.

A Le.ter

Conceited Letters:

A Letter from a young Gentleman to an old.

M^y good Captaine habing of late no little dispositi-
on to Partiall discipline, and in the field of blood to
adventure life for honour, I am to intreat your adbbice as
one long experienced in that cours, for what you shall think
fit for my furniture for such service as may deserbe regard,
and how I may so carry my selfe in all companies & I may
not be banished the best: and if it please you shortly to go
ouer to your Company, that you will let me serbe under
your Colours: and so beseeching your present answer, that
I may the better determine of my desires, leauing to your
kinde discretion the care of my instruction, protesting in my
best endeabours to shew my love in your service: till I
hear from you, I rest,

Your affectionate Friend,
O. K.

His Answer.

Sir, your desire I mislike not, if your body will answer
your mind, your Book wars yeld no blowes, and there-
fore seeme sweet in reading; but come to the triall of
the businesse, and you will finde it full of bitterness:
but if resolution habe taken root with you, and not easie-
ly to be removed, I will tell you what I think shall most
behoeve you to carry with you: a good heart, a stayed head,
and a strong stomach; a purse to defray necessary charge,
and a care in laying out of expences; neither offer nor take
tozong, at least not much: borrow little, pay all, obserbe
the wise, love the honest, but not idle nor ill exercised, be-
ware of forfeits, play, and wanton pleasures: for thy fur-
niture thy Armour and Pike, thy Piece & thy Sword, shall
be sufficient to make thee a Souldier: serbe God, and fear
not the Debill, let thy enemy see thy face, and not thy back,
and

Newly laid open.

and be not proud of any honourable action, but give God the glory of all: when I go, which will be shortly, I will give thee notice, in the mean time see me, and I will love thee: Farewell.

Thy assured Friend,
T. R.

To the right worshipfull L. M. Esquire, Justice of the Peace within the County of G.

Humbly shewing, that whereas your Worships poor Suppliant, being by reason of his great charge of many small Children, as also by his long Captivittie, impoverished, was constrained to pay unto H. M. of the Parish of S. B. London, certain goods to the value of twenty pounds for ten pounds, which said goods, he not onely most unjustly detaineth (albeit he is allowed for every five shillings, three pence by the moneth) but looketh for better satisfaction to secure him for his ten pounds, notwithstanding the foresaid value of the goods.

May it therefore please your good Worship, the premises duly perpended, to cause the said H. M. to make restitution of the goods aforesaid, your suppliant paying him his own money, and that satisfaction which riseth thereof; as in your grave wisdom shall seem most expedient: and this he most humbly craveth for Gods cause, and as in duty most bound, he shall ever pray, &c.

A Letter from a poor distressed Prisoner unto
a cruel mercile(s) Creditor.

Master N. B. having long remained in insufferable captivity, only detained at your suite being ready to perish with want, being continually assailed with most contagious

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Conceited Letters:

gious diseases, and annoyed with infections, damps, I am constrained, having no other shelter but your favour, to appeal unto your charitable love for my enlargement, being of myself utterly as yet unable to give you present satisfaction: humbly beseeching you, in commiseration of my woful misery, to be pleased to accept of an honest mans security for your satisfaction, which if I may but crave at your hands, I shall ever be bound to pray for your prosperity: to keep me where I am, I shall neither be able to pay you, nor to relieve my wife and children, which I trust you will duly perpend: Thus humbly desiring your comfortable answer, I leave you and yours to the tuition of the Almighty.

*Your distressed Debtor,
now a miserable Captive,
R. W.*

His Answer.

I marvel how you can thus impudently trouble me from time to time, with your scurrilous papers, if I could once see my money, you should know more of my minde, I know you have goods and some money left you, you were best to sell it, that I may have satisfaction: to be brief with you unless you pay me, keep where you are, you and yours shall starve, and rot, and hang, ere I loose by you: What should I do with another mans word for my money: word me no words, I have had words enough already. I must and will, have deeds ere you part: give me my money, God speed you well, otherwisse you know my minde.

T. W.

A dogged Letter to a displeasing companion.

After my hearty commendations, hoping that you are in good health, as I was at the writing thereof, when my head akes, wishing you no better comfort then a scold to

Newly laid open.

to you wise, desiring to hear from you, that I may never hear more of you, and sorry with my self to be troubled with the thought of you, assuring you, that there is no man cares less for you, for the villenies I know in you, and the villany I hear of you, wishing all honest men to beware of you, no wise man to trust you, hoping if that God so not the sooner mend you, the Gallowes will end you: to deal plainly with you, as a Rakehell I sound you, so a Rakehell I leave you.

*Yours as you see
by your good service
T. R.*

His Answer.

O Man in desperation how are thy wits out of fashion: it seemes by thy sight, thy Spleen is full of corruptions; for thy wishes they cannot hurt me, nor thy words trouble; sorry I am that thy wits are a troell gathering, or gone God knows whither: what ill soever you think of me, I know better then you think of me, if your head ake, you should better bind up your brains, then let them lie so neer Bedlam, to rill without discretion, upon a causeless imagination: but while the wise note your folly, and the honest pity your fury, I shall be the less sorry for you, because I will have nothing to do with you: if your breath be as ill as your pen, no Christian will abuse you, and so fearing nothing but as an idle humor followeth you, a worse plague then a scolding wife, which is as near hell as may be, will torment you: as a woodcock I know you, and as a dawcock I hold you, and so till I see better of you, to your mad fits I leave you, and so rest as you see by the course of your own cards.

yours, as you mine.

T. W.

A Letter

Conceited Letters!

A Letter of Reconciliation.

Honest Daniel: I thought to try the vertue of thy love in thy patience, but I see we are all weakes, when rage gets up to his height. Reason is a poore man, if thou didst think I was mad, thou mightest have been sorry, and not angry; and if well in my wits, thou mightest have thought it an humour of jest to try a friend in earnest: only lovers have not been of a little continuance, and shall a conceit of unkindness break the knot of our friendship; far be it from both and either of us. Thou knowest thine own desert, and my disposition, and mightest therefore suspect, my distemper of Brain through the violence of the same disease, then fall into choller upon a motion of male content: But since I began a quarrel, I will end the combate, and all causes set aside, love thee in spite of all spite; and therefore let us be as we were, and ever will be, one minde in two bodies, and so with hearts shaking hands, and shaking off all ill humours that may make the least breach into our loves, till I see thee, and alwaies I rest,

If not thine, not mine own,

W. R.

His Answer.

Most worthy Beloved, and never to be removed kinde Wilkin, helpe me it: I can be angry, and eke with kindness to meet with humours in their kinde, only to be out of your debt for a few good words. I took a little pain to blot a little paper, which if you will put to the fire, mine shall soon consume to ashes, and to avoide all memorial of mad humours: I confess Nature is subject to imperfection, yea, and reason is sometimes weak in discretion, but love is ever himself, where he lives in the Spirits of understanding. Think therefore of me as
of

Newly laid open,

of your self: who rather embrace kindness, then believe madness; and so leaving all ill humour of Jest, have a heart that will ever love you in earnest. So putting off all thought of quarrell, where the Combat is but a conceit of kindness in the irremovable resolution of infrangible affection: I rest as I have been, and can now be none other.

I live what I am not mine own.

T. R.

A Letter from a Son in Prison to his Mother, his Estate being wasted.

DEAR and Loving Mother, as ever your Maternal love hath heretofore been manifested unto me, so now I beseech you in this my great extremity to extend it towards me; my means are consumed, my self captivated, ready to perish with want, and which way to turn me in this height of misery I know not, but unto you, whose ever careful respect of me, hath been such that nought could, or (as yet I hope, can) remove your love from me. Wherefore in pity of my present misery, I desire you good mother to make some means for my enlargement: my debts are not much, notwithstanding of my self I am utterly unable to give satisfaction, insomuch that unless you be pleased to commiserate my distress, I am utterly devoid of all hope of comfort or enlargement. If therefore you will vouchsafe to set me at liberty, my future duty and diligence shall obsequiously in such sort be manifested, that whatsoever hath heretofore bin amiss, shall be amended, to my good, and your comfort, whereof wishing you to be most assured, and expecting your comfortable answer: I rest,

Your distressed Son,

T. M.

Hen:

Conceited Letters :

Her Answer.

Sonne, I am sorry your follie hath brought you to such
Sextremitie: had you been heedful in your courses, you
mought have prevented these disasters. Not with standing
since misery ought rather to be pitied then blamed (respect-
ally by a Mother) I will in this your extremity, in hope of
your reformatie, manifest a Mothers love unto you: your
debts shall be paid, you set at libertie, and some sencelesse course
be taken for your future maintenance, if you will confirme
what you have written. I will be with you to morrow, till
when comfort your self, and fear God, and pray for your
poor Mother.

Your loving Mother,
F. R.

A Letter from an old man to his Son be- fore his death.

My Son, thou art now comming into the World,
that I am going out of, and yet before my departure
out of it, let me tell thee what I hold needful for thee to
have care of in it. I know thou wilt not break thy bread
all in one house, feed alwaies of one pish, nor live alwaies
in one place; and therefore let me read thee a short Lecture
for thy carriage in all courses, the Court is a place of
charge more then ease, the Citie Games of more pleasure
then worth, and the Countrie sports of more pleasure
then profit, yet is there no service to the King, no dwelling
to the Citie, nor pleasure to the Countrie, but all the
weight of the worth of them is in the hand of wisdome,
who in the knowledge of the use of them makes the best
effecme of them: but lest long Lessons may obercharge
thy Memory, take this one Rule for thy learning in all, and
thou shalt find it good in more then a few, where so-
ever

Newly laid open,

ever thou goest, note the best, choose the best, and keep the best; be not buried in earth before thou comest to thy Grave; nor build Castles in the Aire, lest they fall down upon thy head: Let not thy Cle abuse thy Heart, nor thy Tongue discredit thy Will, and let Reason govern Will in all the passages of Nature, be neither needie nor ungratefull, uncourteous nor unkind, and examine thy Conscience in the rate of thy content, ground thy love upon Vertue, thy Hope upon Reason: and thy Happiness upon Grace, live as a Stranger in the World, and make what hast thou canst into heaven; be loyal to thy Prince, natural to thy Countrey, faithfull to thy friend, kind to thy neighbour, and honest to the whole world, so shall God bless thee, the best love thee, and the world not hurt thee.

And thus so weak in words that the Spirit sainteth, enforced to express the full of a Fathers love unto thee, with my Prayers to the Lord of Heaven for thy preservation in this World, and eternal happiness in the world to come, with my loves blessing and therewith what I am able to leave thee, to the merciful guard of Heavens glorie I commit thee.

Thy most loving Father.

T. M.

His Answer.

M^y most loving Father, this Legacy of your love for the direction of my life, how much I prize in my hearts thankfulness the eye of your judgement shall behold in my obserbation and give me leave to tell you, that in this little time that I have spent tole in this World, I have had some tast of the meat that you have given me, where I find that the best meat may be spoiled in the dressing, whilst a cunning Cook will make a rich service of small cost, & though good heads are in love with gawdie toles, since the better sort of opinions esteeme a small Diamond before.

Conceited Letters :

before a great Sapphire, I care not if I rather adventure
far for the honour of vertue, then lessen my estate by breach
of arms; and since there are so many counterfeits, that the
best Jeweller may be mistaken, I will meddle with no
such wares as may call repentance to an after reckoning,
while my heart looketh toward Heaven, I hope the Earth
shall not blinde mine eye, nor the vain delights of Na-
ture prevaile against the vertue of Reason: but all is in
the Power of powers, by whose Grace being guided, I shall
be ever so preserved, that howsoever my heart be wounded,
yet they shall never be concurred: in hope whereof, and un-
to the which, beseeching the Almighty, either in health to
prolong our dayes, or in the election of his love to call you to
a better life, more esteeming these precepts of your love,
then all the portion you can leave, saving your blessing, I
humbly take my leave.

*your most loving and
obedient son,*

R. D.

A letter to a kinsman that came from the University to the
Court, and was given much to his study.

My good Cousin, I hear since you came from the Uni-
versity to the Court, you are inclined much to melan-
cholly; your minde only delighteth in reasoning and study,
and among many variety of matters of import, that you
take much delight in searching out of Pedigrees, and He-
raldry, the knowledge whereof, I hold both honourable and
profitable: but the use thereof requires a heedfull care for
in the discoursing of matters unfit, you may be brought
within the compass of folly: but as a friend to give you a
Caveat in all your course of that study, take my advice for
the bettering of your understanding in the best of your
pursuits: Be not too busie with the Crown, and of all beasts
beware of the Lyon; if he sleep, wake him not, lest you trouble

Newly laid open.

patience; and in his walk cross not his way, least his
 crown grows wrathfull: For other Beasts think of
 them as your reason will give you leave: where you find
 honours, note if you see the desert of them, and for bought
 Coats, consider of them in their kinds: times alter, and na-
 tures in them, and therefore in the setting down of Antiqui-
 ties, there may be much need, though the corruption of
 the Writers, or Directors for Strange Coats, and to see an
 Eagle have a Fly in her mouth, and a Speake blinde Cat by
 the tayl, or a Goose keep a Fox in his Den: Wonder at it,
 but make no words of it; and if you see a black Swan in
 a blew field, and an Ele in her belly, running out at her
 tail, or a Peacock pulled out of his feathers and making his
 Pearch upon a Cross-bar, smile at the conceit, but keep the
 censure of it to your self. To conclude, Read much, but
 beleve little: Think much, but speak little, and know much
 but meddle little, but in meddling with other mens Coats
 look that you lose not more then your own Jerkin: And so
 wishing your Studies as profitable as pleasing to you, till I
 see you, I commit you to the Almighty.

Your loving Cousin.

R. D.

His Answer.

Sir, I have read your Letter, and considered of the con-
 tents: To the answer whereof, give me leave to tell you,
 that I am not determined to hurt mine eyesight with too
 deep looking into a Spillstone, nor to beleve Antiquity further
 then Reason may carry my understanding; and what-
 soever I find of Coats, I will so carry my due and true
 allegiance to the Crown, that I will adoe all coach of
 disloyalty: For the Lyon, I will neither trouble him,
 breaking nor sleeping; and for his walk, with no heart to be
 so foolish, as to cross his pleasure in his passage for your
 merry conceits of Strange Coats, I will onely smile at

I

my

Conceited Letters:

my conjecture of them; and so long as I know a Falcon from a Buzzard, an Eagle from an Owl, and a Pigeon-gale from a Cuckow, let me alone to judge of the Nature of Birds, and how they are born; and when I look into the nature of Honour, whether by purchase, labour, or desert, I note the time with the persons, and so go on with my opinions to the judgement: I keep to my self; now for what else may grow out of this Study, either profit, pleasure, loss of time, or repentance, I thank you for your Item, to keep my conceit from discourse, for all things are to be taken in their right kind, and when learning grows hurtfull, it proves not well tempered: And therefore hoping so to make use of my business, that my Head shall do my body no hurt: With many thanks for your kind instructions, I commend you to the Almighty.

Your very loving Kinsman,
T.M.

A Letter from a Father impoverished by his Son,
to his Son in prosperity.

If ever a wofull duty in children of any force, oh, then let it be in the manifested, whose duty ought to exceed the bounds of duty; I have for thy sake ruined my self, subverted my estate, frustrated the hopes of all my other children, only for thee to bring thee out of Captivity, to raise thy fortunes by mine own and their undoings; and being thus deserted, to whom should I appeal for comfort but to thee? For whose sake I am absolutely comfortless? If to my brother I go, if to any of my kindred, to any of my old acquaintance to seek relief, what say they? Why dost not your Son succour you? Oh miserable case, that Fathers should be compell'd to crave for that which they might have commanded; yet I am not the first, nor shall I be the last: Love and Nature will blind, no, do I repent of that I have.

Newly laid open.

I have done for thee, if in lue thereof thou wilt manifest but a dutifull love to me in this miserable distress: resolve me therefore speedily, what thou intendest concerning me: let me not languish in despair, but one way or other put a period to my longing desires, for till I hear from thee, I will hope and despair, I rest,

Thy sorrowfull Father,

R. D.

His dutifull Answer.

GOD Father, for your sorrow I grieve, yet more I grieve that you acquainted me not sooner with your wants: Should I not discharge that duty whereinto you, both in the Law of God and nature I am obliged, I should prove most inhumane, unnaturall and disobedient: which baseness, as ever I do, I detest: so manifest therefore my duty to you wards, as you have lovingly been a good Father to me, and for my sake overthrew your hopes, and defeated your self: what is mine, I solely using your life resigne to your disposing, humbly desiring you that as you were carefull out of your means to free me from Captivity, and to raise my fortunes: so, out of that which God hath sent me, be as carefull to raise my brother, and prefer my Sifters: and what you do, I will confirm whilst God bless you with life, that gave me life: all during my life, shall be at your disposing. Wherefore, good Father, intreat not for that which you may and shall command: come therefore I pray you your self over to me, the sooner the better welcome, and if my brother or either of my Sifters be in want, this shall be their home, whilst it lasts. God Father, therefore hasten to me, for till I see you, I shall rest

Your sorrowfull Son,

R. D.

Conceited Letters:

A Letter of unkindness upon a conceit of ill
carriage in a Friend.

There are two ill qualities in a Woman, and two worse in a Man: In the first, unkindness, and inconstancy: In the second, unfaithfulness, and unthankfulness: and will you hear both the imperfections that none may excuse you in evil? What my deserts have been to me, I would I knew not: But what shall I think? Is every man only for himself, and let the World go as it list, hath virtue abandoned the earth, and is wisdom so rapt up in the misty clouds of concupiscence, that she can scarce show any glimmering of the light of true grace? God forbid, for Virtue hath her working in all the children of her love: of which I would you were one, that I might joy as much in your conversation, as I fear your confusion: Be not angry, though I seem bitter, for I am touched to the quick, yet write I more out of love, than out of hate, for I will suspend my opinion until your answer give me satisfaction, that I shall shortly with your presence clear my thought of your indignities, till when, and all waies, I rest,

Yours as you know
and shall know,
T. M.

His Answer.

What women are, I know, but what men should be I know; and what I am, you shall find, all agrees one and the same, in irretrievable to an assured Friend. Virtue, I know, hath her working in the hearts of the honest; and I hope you will not tax me of a contrary commission: but if a mis-report breeds a mis-belief, an ungracious conceit may work a grievous unkindness,

Newly laid open;

if my defects, and my requestall were weighed together in an even balance, I hope there would not be much inequality: but let humours bleed their last, and better thoughts will follow: I am well content to make a bitter sweet of an angry love; shortly I will see you, and then to satisfy you that the old Proverb shall come new in proof, The falling out of Lovers, is the renewing of Love: in which I will rest without all doubts,

*Yours as I have been,
and ever will be,*

R. D.

A Fantastick Love-Letter.

Mistress, if you were not a Witch, your eyes could not have so wrought in my heart, as to make me think of nothing but your love, and if your words were not charms, they could not so command me from my self, as to sever me wholly to your service: but if it be so that you are born a Creature only to crucifie my spirit, I must only pray for patience to mitigate my passion, finding you nature as far from pittie, as my hope is from happiness, but if there be any spark of grace in you, let it kindle a case in your kindness to warm the life of my love, that I may not dye in the cold fear of disdain: but relying in the vertue of your labour, I may honour you above the whole World: so leaving my life to the answer of your own love, I rest,

Yours what you will.

T. L.

Her Answer.

Servant, if you were not a fool, you would not run from your toils, as to write you care not how upon an imagination you know not what: mine eyes be mine own and it
your

Conceited Letters :

your heart be not yours, shall I think because you are full-
full : No such matter, and my words have made a metamor-
phosis of your wit, I am sorry my breath should blow
away your understanding : yet least you should think I am
past grace in the pity of perplexities, let me intreat you not
to fear your own shadow : walk temperately in the Sun,
and the heat will do you no hurt. So wishing you better
then you wish your self, not to trouble your head with idle
humours ; I rest, as I have reason,

Your loving Mistress.
T. M.

A Letter of grief to a fair Creature that was separated
from her second self, for playing false
with a third person.

Sweet soul that once was, now the most wretchedest
Creature that is, how have you made a metamorphosis
of your self : when you were virtuous, you were fair, now
you are vicious, you are foul : when you were wise, you
were honoured : now you are foolish, you are scorned : when
you were gracious, you were beloved : now you be wicked,
you are hated. Oh strange alteration, from virtue to vice,
from wisdom to folly, from grace to sin, as to make the
Creature so offensive to the Creator : what shall I say unto
you ? but only that I am sorry for you, but cannot help you,
and pray for you, that your sin may be forgiven, that your
shame may be forgotten : and so beseeching the Highest,
whom you have offended most in the mercy of Justice, to
show the glory of Majesty, in the sorrow of humanity and
Christian Charity, with a broken heart, to think of your
wounded soul, wishing your true repentance to be a president
for the conversion of all such unhappy Creatures : I rest,

*Your friend and no farther, but in
prayer for your souls health.*

T. R.
Her

Newly laid open,

Her Answer.

Monce kinde Friend, now worthily far off from ttle
of such comfort, with sighes let me write that
which I seal with the tears of my heart: I now find the
wound of Conscience so deep cut in my heart, as comes
to near the danger of my soul, and were not faith the strong
hold of Hope, Patience would be too full of fear: I
confess shame to be a gentle punishment of sin, and re-
pentance a true pleader for mercy; for none sees the angry
face of sin, but the repentant sinner. For the world I
hate it, and my self most in it, for my sin I loath it, and
abhorre my self for it; and for my life, I am weary of it,
that I care not how soon I were rid of it: but all things to
Gods pleasure, to whom I beseech you in Christian charity
to pray for me, that the enemy of Christ may not prevail
against me, that whatsoever befall me, I may not fall for-
ever. So with a bleeding heart in the bitterness of grief,
as full of sorrow as a sinfull soul can hold: I rest

Your worthy forsaken friend.

F. R.

A Letter to a Friend for his opinion in divers
points of consideration.

M honest Ned, I pray thee write me word by this
bearer, how thou doest, thy opinion of the world, of
life and death, honesty and wit; and what comes into thy
head, when thou hast leisure to be idle, I long to hear from
thee, to read thy Conceits, which if they be of the old fashi-
on, are better then the new form: be what will be, to me
it shall be welcome, and thy self better whensoever I may
see thee: for dull wits, and idle heads do beat about the
Market in this Town, that I had rather go a mile thise,
then keep away with such idle Chace: and so loath to
trouble:

Conceited Letters :

trouble thee with trifling newes, to no good purpose, in the affection of a faithfull heart : I test. I

Thine what mine.

R. N.

His answer.

KIND Henry, to answer thy request, in a few words let me tell thee, for the World, I finde it a walke that soon wearieth a good spirit, this life is but a puffe, and Death but an abyssement of Time. Now for some notes I have taken of the World, and others things in it: let me tel thee, that if all the wealth in the World were in one Chest, it would not buy one hour of Life; if all the honesty of the World were in one heart, it would not buy one bit of Bread; and if all the wit of the World were in one wicked pate, it would not buy one jot of Grace: and therefore it is meet with Death at a meaner price, and to carry Money with Honesty, the better to go to Market, and to buy Grace with Wit, to finde the high-way to Heaven. This is all for this time I have had leisure to think upon; as more comes in my Head I will make you acquainted with it; in the mean time mark what I have written, and it will do thee no hurt in reading: Farewel,

Thine, or not mine own.

T. R.

FINIS.

DIVERS LETTERS OF

Good concernment, for all Ingenious
and Indulgent Readers.

To a Reverend, and Learned Countryman.

SIR,

IT is, among many other, one of my imperfections, that I am not vers'd in my Maternal Tongue so exactly as I should be; The reason is, that Languages and Words (which are the chief Creatures of man, and the Keys of Knowledge) may be said to stick in the memory like nails or pegs in a Wainscot door, which use to thrust out one another oftentimes: Yet the old Brittain is not so driven out of mine, (for the cask savours still of the liquor it first took in) but I can say something of this elaborate and ingenious piece of yours, which you please to communicate unto me so early; I cannot compare it more properly than to a Basket of Posies, gathered in the best garden of flowers, the sacred Scriptures, and bound up with such Art, that every flower directs us where his bed may be found: whence I infer, that this Work will much conduce to the advancement of Scripture-knowledge, and consequently to the publick good; it will also tend to the honour of our whole Country, and to your own particular Repute: Therefore I wish you good success to make this child of your brain free Dentizen of the World.

J. H.

To

Divers Letters

To an Honourable Lord.

My Lord,

I should be much wanting to my self, if I did not congratulate your late descentes to yours: but truly, my Lord, this congratulation is like a vapor exhale from a Soul overwhelmed with a sudden inflammation, such is the state of my minde at this time, it being overcast with a thick fogg of grief for the death of your incomparable Father.

I pray from the centre of my heart that you may inherit his high worth and vertues as you do all things else, and I doubt it not, having discovered in your nature so many pregnancies, and sparkles of unated honour. So I rest in quality of

Your Lordships most humble

Servant, J. H.

To a Gentleman of quality,
very remarkable.

SIR,

I Received yours of the 10th current, and I have many thanks to give you, that you so quaintly acquaint me how hartonsly the pulse of the Pulpiteers beat in your Town: Touching ours here, (by way of corresponding with you) I'll tell you of one whom I heard lately; For dropping casually into a Church in Thames-street, I fell upon a Winter-Preacher, who spoke of nothing but of fire and flames of Hell, so that if a Scythian or Groenlander, who are habituated to subestream cold, had heard, and understood him, they would have thought he had preached of Paradise; His mouth methought did sume with the Lake of Brimstone, with the Infernal torments, and the thundrings of the Law,
not

Of good concernment.

not a syllable of the Gospel; so I concluded him to be one of those who use to preach the Law in the Church, and the Gospel in their Chambers, where they make some female hearts melt into piety: He repeated his Text once; but God knows how far it was from the subject of his preaching: He had also hot and fiery incitements to War, and to swim in blood for the Cause. But after he had run away from his Text so long, the Spirit led him into a Wilderness of Prayer, and there I left him.

God amend all, and begin with me, who am

Your assured friend
to serve you,

J. H.

To a worthy Gentleman, sitting
in Parliament.

SIR,

HE that delivers you this Letter, knows as much of my news as I my self, and will make you ample relation of all that hath passed at —: He hath a business in the Parliament, which is of no great difficulty; and which may be sped without any great Eloquence: yet I address it to you, but upon condition, that you shall not employ your whole forces about it; but that your labouring for him may be a refreshing to you, from some other labour. I hear with a great deal of pleasure, of the progress of your reputation, and of the effects of my prologues: The acclamations you raise in the Palace, are sounding in all places; and we are not so out of the way, but that the Echo of them comes to us. But Sir, I content not my self with clapping of hands, and praising your well speaking, as others do; I as-

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fire to have some particular ground, for which to give you thanks, and am willing to be in your debt, for compliment and reverence; this shall be, when you have seen my friends suite: And which shall be a cause, if you please, that I will now at the end of my Letter, add a superlative, and say I am;

Sir,

Your most humble,

most faithful, &c.

To a Scholar of most familiar
acquaintance.

Sir,

I speak no secret of our friendship, it is too honest to be hid. I den; and I am so proud of it, that I think my self of no worth but by it. Mr. J. acknowledgeth my good fortune herein, and is himself in passion to get your acquaintance, to which he perswades himself: I should not be his worst introducer, and that by my means he might be admitted to your studies. I will make my self believe that he misstakes me not, and that for my sake you will add to your accustomed customes a little extraordinary. They who saw Pericles how he thundred and lightned in the publick Assemblies, were desirous to hear him in a quieter estate, to know whether his Calm were as sweet and pleasing as his Tempest. This man hath the like desire; and though my recommendation were as indifferent to you, as it is dear: yet so honest a curiosity would deserve to be respected. He is the son of one of my best friends, and though perhaps you know it not, you are the example that Fathers propose for imitation to their children, and by whose name they excite to virtue all their youth. I need not say more to you of this, onely be

mind.

Of good concernment.

mindful of our resolute and undaunted *Expanses*; and in this age of malice, do not scorn the praise I give you for your goodness. I kiss the hands of all your eloquent Family, and am.

S I R,

Yours truly devoted,

D.C.

To an Honourable Lady.

Excellent Madam,

Among those multitudes that claim a share in the loss of so precious a Lord, mine is not the least: O how willingly could I have measured with my feet, and perform'd a Pilgrimage over all those large Continents wherein I have travelled, to have replev'd him! Truly, *Adam*, I shall mourn for him while I have a heart beating in my breast: and though Time may mitigate the sense of grief, yet his memory shall be to me, like his high Worth and Vertues everlasting: But it is not so much to be lamented that he hath left us, (it being so infinitely to his advantage) as that he hath left behind so few like him.

I confess, *Adam*, this is the weightiest cross that possibly could come to exercise your patience, but I know your Ladyship to be both *Wise* and *Prudent* in the highest degree, let the one preserve you from excess of sorrow, which may prove irreligious to Heaven: and the other keep you from being injurious to your self, and to that goodly brave issue of his, which may serve as so many living Copies of the Original.

God Almighty comfort your Ladyship, so prayeth,

Madam,

*Your most humble and
sorrowful Servant,*

R. H.

To

Divers Letters

To a Secretary of State.

S I R,

I Took infinite pleasure to see my self in one of your Letters; and Monsieur who imparted it to me, can witness for me, with what greediness I read that passage which concerned me. I cannot say, that he is here, though it be true that he is not in Gascogne, for we enjoy nothing of him here but his Image: He is so married, that he would think it a disloyalty to his wife, if he should dare to laugh when she is not by. All his sociable humour he hath left with her, and hath brought nothing to us, but Melancholy. When I would make him merry, he tells me, I go about to corrupt him. All visites he makes in her absence, though it be to Covents, and Hospitals, yet he calls them Debauches. So as Sir, you never saw man better satisfied with his present estate: nor a greater enemy to single life. He is not contented to pity you and me, and to lament our solitude, but he reproacheth us outrageously, and calls us unprofitable Members of the Common-wealth, and such as are fit to be cut off. As for me, I make no defence for my self, but your example: I tell him, let him perswade you to it first, and he shall soon finde me ready to follow his counsel. I hope we shall meet together ere long, and then we shall not need to fear his being too strong for us in our conferences, when we two shall be against him alone. Provide therefore Solutions for his Arguments; but withholdenye me not your assistance in other encounters, where it may stand me instead. You can never do courtesies to a man more capable of acknowledgement: nor that is more truly, than I,

Sir,

Yours, &c,

Another

Of good concernment.

Another most excellent.

SIR, At that time when ~~Myself~~ parted from
hence, I was too much out of order to present my self be-
fore a wise man: and I chose rather to be falling in the
rules of civility, then to be impetunate upon you with my
Compliments. Now that I am a little at quiet, and can
fall to work indifferent well; I must needs tell you, that the
confidence I have of your love, sweetens all the bitterness of
sorrow, and that in my most sensible distates, I finde a com-
fort in thinking of this. It is certain Sir, the World is
strangely altered, and good men now a days cannot make a
Trop. This is the cause, that seeing you are one of this
little flock which is preserved from infection, and one of
those that keep virtue from quite leaving us, I therefore
bless incessantly Heaven O, for the excellent purchase I have
made by her means: and proclaim in all places, that she dis-
covered me a treasure, when she brought me first to be ac-
quainted with you. If I husband it not, and dress it with
all the care and industry it deserves: it is not, I assure you,
for want of desire: but so sweet and pleasant duties, ha ve no
place amongst the traveries of a life in perpetual agitation,
and your ordinary conversation is reserved for men more
happy than I. I wait therefore for this favour from a bet-
ter fortune than the present, as also occasions by which I
may testify, that I passionately am,

Sir,

Yours, &c.

To

Divers Letters

To a French Gentleman.

Sir,

Although I am ravished with your eloquence, yet I am not satisfied : but you remain still unjust, and I not well pleased. I see what the matter is, you are so weary of your Penitance at L. that you have no mind to come and continue it in A. You like better to go in a strait line to the good, than to go to it by the crooked change of evil ; and prefer a safe harbour before an incommodious creek. Wherein Sir, I cannot blame your choice ; onely I complain of your proceeding ; and find it strange, you should disguise your joy, for escaping a bad passage, and that you are content to be unhappy at Rochel ; because you will not venture to be unhappy here. These high and Theological comparisons which you draw from the austeritie of Anchors, concerning works of supererogation ; concerning Purgatory and Hell, make me know you are a mocker, and can make use of Ironies, with the skill and dexterity of Socrates. Take heed I be not revenged upon this Figure of yours by another, and return your Hyperboles. For this once, I am resolved to suffer all ; hereafter perhaps I shall help my self with my old Armes. But howsoever the World go, and in what stile soever I write unto you, you may be sure I speak seriously, when I say, that I very firmly am ;

S I R,

Yours, to the last,

B. H.

To

Of good concernment.

To his dear Nephew.

My precious Nephew,

There could hardly better news be brought me, than to understand that you are so great a Student, and that having passed through the byers of *Logick*, you fall to *Philosophy*; Yet I do not like your method in one thing, that you are so fond of new Authors, and neglect the old, as I hear you do: it is the ingrateful Genius of this Age, that if any Scholast can find a hole in an old Authors coat, he will endeavour to make it much more wide, thinking to make himself somebody thereby: I am none of those, but touching the Antients, I hold this to be a good *Spacial Rule*, *Laudandum quod bene, ignoscendum quod aliter dixerunt*: The older an Author is, commonly the more solid he is, and the greater teller of truth: This makes me think on a Spanish Captain, who being invited to a Fish dinner, and coming late, he sat at the lower end of the Table where the small fish lay, the great ones being at the upper end: thereupon he took one of the little fish and held it to his ear, His Camrades asked him what he meant by that? He answered in a sad tone, Some thirty years ago my Father passing from Spain to Barbary, was cast away in a storm, and I am asking this little fish whether he could tell any tidings of his body, he answers me, that he is too young to tell me any thing; but those old fish at your end of the Table may say something to it, so by that trick of *prolery* he got his share of them: The application is easie, therefore I advise you not to neglect old Authors, for though me be come as it were to the *Speridian* truth, yet there be many *Neoterical* Commentators, and self conceited *Writers* that eclipse her in many things, and go from *obscurum* to *obscurus*.

Give me leave to tell you, Cousin, that your kindred and friends, with all the world besides, expect much from you in regard of the pregnancy of your spirit, and those advantages

you

Divers Letters

you have of others, being now at the source of all knowledge: I was told of a country-man, who coming to Oxford, and being at the Towns-end, stood listening to a flock of Geese, and a few dogges that were hard by, being asked the reason, He answered, that he thought the Geese about Oxford did gaggle Greek, and the Doggs barked in Latine: If some in the World think so much of those irrational poor creatures that take in Universtie air, what will your friends in the Country expect from you who have the instrument of Reason in such a perfection, and so well frang with a tenacious Memory, a quick understanding, and rich invention: all which I have discovered in you, and doubt not but you will employ them to the comfort of your friends, your own credit, and the particular contentment of

Your truly affectio-

nate Uncle,

E. G.

To a Gentleman at Court,
very remarkable.

S I R,

I Had been guilty of such an offence, whereof I should never have absolved my self, if I had omitted so handsom an opportunity to quicken my old devotions to you: Among those multitudes here who resent your hard composition, and the protraction of your business: There is none who is more sensible that so gallant and sublime a soul (so much renowned throughout the World) should meet with such hard travell of fortune: For my self, I am like an Almanack out of date, I am grown an unprofitable thing, and good for nothing.

Of good concernment.

thing as the times run, yet in your business I shall play the
Whetstone, which though it be a dull thing of it self, and
cannot cut, yet it can make other knives to cut: so shall I
quicken those who have the managing of your business, and
power to do you good, whensoever I meet them. *Do I
Rest,*

Your thirty-years

Servant,

T. M.

To an Honourable Knight.

SIR,

Now that the Sun and the Spring advance daily to-
wards us more and more, I hope your health will keep
pace with them; and that the all-searching beams of the first
will dissipate that fretful humour, which hath confined you
so long to your Chamber, and barr'd you of the use of your
true supporters: But though your Loos be slight, yet your
Examples are nimble enough, as I finde by your lack of the
12. curzent, which makes me think on a speech of Severus,
the Emperour, who having been sick a long time of the Gout
at York, and one of his Nobles telling him that he wonder'd
much how he could rule so whilst an Emperour being so lame and
unwieldy; the Emperour answered, What he ruled the
Empire with his Brain, not with his Feet: So it may be
said of you, that you rule the same way the whole State of
that Microcosme of yours, for every man is a little World
of himself.

Moreover, I finde that the same kind of spirit both govern
your

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your body, as governs the great World, I mean the Celestial bodies; for as the notions whereby they are regulated are spiritual; if we may believe Pythagoras, whom the Trypod pronounced the wisest man, to a true harmonious spirit seems to govern you; in regard you are so naturally inclined to the ravishing art of Musick.

Your friends here are well, and wish you were so too; for my part, I do not onely wish it, but pray it may be so, for my life is the sweeter in yours, and I please my self much, in being

Your assured friend
to serve you,

S. H.

To a worthy Gentleman
in the old Jury.

SIR,

I Received that choice parcel of Tobacco your Servant brought me, for which I send you as many returns of gratitude, as there were grains therein: which were many, (and cut all methinks with a Diamond cut) but too few to express my acknowledgement; I had also therewith your most ingenious Letter, which I valued far more: The other was but a Potential fire easily reducible to smoke; but your Letter did sparkle with actual fire, for methought there were pure flames of love, and gentlest waving in every line: The Poets do frequently compare affection to fire, therefore whensoever I take up of this Marina, I will imagine that I light my Pipe alwaies at the flames of your love.

I also highly thank you for the Italian Manuscripts you sent

Of good concernment.

Send me of the late revolutions in Naples, which will infinitely advantage me in exposting to the World that stupendous piece of Stork; I am in the arrears to you for sundry courtesies more, which shall make me ever antitle myself

SIR,

Yours, to the death,

B. M.

To a familiar Friend.

My dear Nick,

If you are as well when you read this, as I was when I wrote it, we are both well; I am certain of the one, but anxious of the other, in regard of your so long Silence. I pray at the return of this Post, let your Pen pull out this Worm that hath got into my thoughts, and let me have oftner room in yours, for you know I am,

SIR,

Yours truly devoted,

E. C.

To a worthy Gentleman near
the Tower.

Sir,

At my return to London I found two of yours that lay in Bank for me from the Tower, which were as welcome to me as the New Year, and as pleasing as if two pen-

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pendants & Orient Pearl had been sent to a French Lady: But your Lines, me thought, did cast a greater lustre than any such Muske beads, for they displayed the Whiteness of a comely and knowing soul, which reflecting upon my faculties did much enlighten them, with the choice notions I found therein.

I send you a thousand thanks for your kind acceptance of that small Pew-Dears-gift I sent, and that you concur with divers other eminent Persons in a good opinion of it: So I rest,

Your most humble,

Your most faithful, &c.

Another.

The inauguration a good and sobber Pew-Deer unto you, I send you a mornings draught, (a bottle of Metheglin.) Neither Sir John Barley-corn, or Bacchus had any thing to do with it, but it is the pure juice of the Bee, the laborious Bee, and King of Insects: The Druids and old British Bards were wont to take a carouse hereof before they entered into their speculations, and if you do so when your fancy labours with any thing, it will do you no hurt, and I know your fancy to be so good that it doth please my spirit sweetly to think thereon, and in the midst of those my thoughts concludes my self to be,

Your satisfied friend with
your goodness,

P. H.

To

Of good concernment.

To a Pious Lady of Honour.

Madam,

M^y labour is happy, since it is never from before you, and since I am told, you make it your ordinary entertainment. The end of all fair Pictures, and good Books, is but onely to please your eyes, and to delight your spirit, and the good you have not yet set a price upon, is not yet come to its uttermost perfection. I have therefore all that an ambitious man could wish for, I may perhaps have fortune from others, but glory I can have from none but you; and another perhaps may pay me, but none but you can recompense me. The pains I have hitherto taken, have been but ill requited. I have tilled a ground, that brings me forth but thorns; Yet Madam, since they grow for your service, I am contented to be pricked by them: and I love the cause of my disgraces, if they prove a cause of recreations. The first news you shall hear, will tell you what I mean, and that my patience never makes my persecutors weary; I will say no more at this time, but that I am,

Madam,
Yours, &c.

Postscript.

I Desire to hear by the next return how all the rest of your Noble family fareth this sickly time, and what shall be farther prosecuted in the business you were pleased to intrust me withall; wherein you shall not need doubt of any thing, but be assured to finde me as formerly, and so,

Farewel.

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To a near Kinsman.

Sw. Colen,

The first part of Wisdom is to give good Counsel, the second to take it, and the third to follow it. Though you be young, yet you may be already capable of the two latter parts of Wisdom, and it is the onely way to attain to the first: therefore I wish you to take and follow the good counsel of your Uncle; for I know him to be a very discreet Gentleman, and I can judge something of men, for I have studied many: Therefore if you steer by his compass in this great business, you need not fear Shipwreck. This is the advice of

Yours, most affectio-

nate Colen,

T. B.

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F I N I S.
